

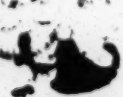
 **A retan**

tation of famous

*Pasquin of*  
*Rome.*

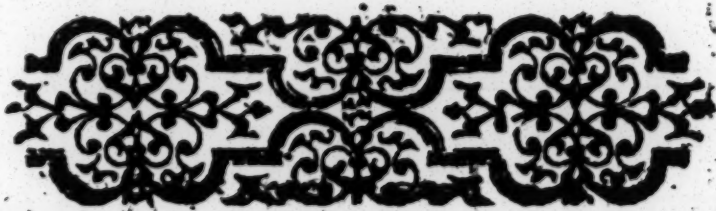


*M. 1570.*

 Imprinted at  
London by *Iohn*  
*Daye.*

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**P** *Asquin* is the Image of *Mercurius*  
the sonne of *Iupiter*, and is com-  
monly vsed in Rome for to set wri-  
tinges vppon : the which writinges hath  
so disclosed the abuses of the Pope and  
his College of Cardinalls, that the pic-  
ture made of stone hath Excommunica-  
tion set vppon it, against all those  
which eyther write or read any  
thing which is set vp. But euen  
as the stone doth feare the  
excōmunication, so doth  
the most part of the  
Romaines.







Paswin long haue dwelt in Rome,  
before the Pope was borne:

I knew y<sup>e</sup> time whe<sup>n</sup> it was a shame,  
for priestes crownes to be borne.

I knew also when not a frier,  
in Rome could be espyed:

Untill sixe hundred yeres were past,  
that Iesus Christ here died.

The Gospell of our Saviour Christ,  
eche man sought to aduancee

Untill such time that Bishops of Rome,  
did long abide in France.

And so when they returned againe,  
vnto their native soyle:

For to maintaine superchouises,  
Gods word they sought to spoyle.

Then Images and Idols huge,  
for filthy luers sake;

The Pope commaunded presently,  
that euery Church should take.

Not onely this was suffered,  
but it more to abuse:

The Popes owne person straight allowed,  
the setting vp of steeles.

The which for troth doth bring such gaine,  
vnto the Church of Rome:

That all mischief, which was or is,  
by whoredome it doth come.

For Purgatory inuented was,  
euén at that present time:

For to perswade that Popes had power,  
to pardon euery crime.

Not onely here when men doth liue,  
but also after death:

Some holde the Pope can pardon sinne,  
but he can geue no breath.

But I poore Pasquin long haue sayd,  
and so say still I can:

That he which by right pardoneth sinne,  
may also make a man.

But that the Pope can make a man,  
I meane not so to say:

But thus I know destroy he hath,  
ten thousand in a day.

Yet as for me I will not speake,  
nor yet against it spurne:

For feare they do me inquisite,  
and so my body burne.

Excommunication they did set vp,  
against me and all men:

That would once seeme by any meanes,  
to take in hand the pen:

To write how they by subtil craft,  
doth take both care and paine:

Euen contrary vnto Gods word,  
their lawes for to maintaine.

And therefore now recant I will,  
with all possible speede:

Pachecco For feare least that Pachecco come,  
is the great and burne me vp in deede.

Inquisitor For he it is which I do feare,  
of Rome. and so doth many a man:

For if a man denie not God,  
he burneth him if he can.

But rather then I will be burned,  
it shall so come to passe:

That if Pachecco come this way,  
he shall heare me at Masse.

And



And for no small foole will I pray,  
 but for some man of honor:  
 The which shall be as great a man,  
 as euer was olde Boner.  
 Euen for him will I go say,  
 the Masse of dayly rest:  
 For thus I know that Boner hath,  
 made many man bene blest:  
 For God made him a minister,  
 that he might try of those:  
 who were elect and chosen ones,  
 and who then were Gods foes.  
 Therfore sure I will go forward,  
 my Masse now for to say:  
 There shall but one thing in y<sup>e</sup> world,  
 me onely cause to stay.  
 And that is this: I am in doubt,  
 I must say Masse alone:  
 For in all England Papistes now,  
 I know there is not one.  
 And yet there were not twelue monethes past,  
 yea thousandes here and there:  
 But if a man will seeke them now,  
 he shall finde them no where.  
 For since these rebels late did rise,  
 thus doth the Papist packe:  
 To get the cloth of some stout man,  
 to put vpon his backe.  
 But true subiettes should still beware,  
 what men they entertaine:  
 And not to catch all Papisses vp,  
 to make a mightie traine.  
 For Christ the Lord him selfe hath sayd,  
 this text to veresie:

Papistes  
 to main-  
 tayne their  
 Poperye,  
 weare the  
 liueryes of  
 Lordes,  
 Gentelme  
 and Law-  
 yers.

A.iiij.

That

That where soeuer the eareen pines,  
the Eagles therether flie.  
And so must I needs iudge that ma,  
where euer that he dwelle:  
That fostereth Papistes in his house,  
he mindeth to rebell,  
And a proued saying it is,  
and so it will be euer:  
That like to like will alwaies seeke,  
some meanes to come together.  
And therfore now good gentlemen,  
be circumspect and wise:  
Let no Papist amongst them all,  
your limeries disguise,  
wrap not a wolfe in a Lambes cote,  
nor a Goate in a Sheepes skin:  
Try your seruantes religion,  
and what fayth they are in,  
For now if any man doth say,  
a Papist, a Papist is:  
Then straight waies will the Papist say,  
my Lord shall know of this.  
But if the statute for retaine,  
were sought as it should bee:  
He that now geueth thirtie coates,  
should neede to geue but three.  
And Papistes should not boast them selues,  
as they do vble to do:  
If so there that our godly lawes,  
were better looked vnto.  
But as for me I heare no rule,  
but dayly will I pray:  
That neuer proud olde Popishe Priest,  
may see his golden day.

Exepte



Except it be as Boner doth,  
which lieth deepe vnder grasse:  
For whose good rest I will pray,  
now say my Requiem againe.

*In troibo ad altare dei,*

Thinking on Boner by the wet.  
*Confiteor deo, and to our good Lady,*

*Et omnibus Sanctis quia peccavi,*

In homicide and lechery,

In sacrilege and glotony,

And in all kinde of knauery.

*Et Iddio precor beata maria,*

That thou wilt not thinke I ever did ill,

For that Gods people I caused to trill,

Because that the truth they leued to trill.

*Misereatur Vesteri* let the Pope haue,

For he is starcke honest take away the knaue.

He bleth many times to forgere hune,

But y more he forgetteth the more you are in.

*Absolutionem & remissionem omnium peccatorum Vestrorum,*

So that all your life still be in reprobum.

Otherwise blessed father hard nothing to do,

For he him selfe whooly is inclined therunto.

*Kirieleysen, Christeleysen, Kirieleysen, Pater noster,*

For olde Sautage bloudy Boner the Butcher.

*Requiem eternam* Lord let him haue,

For he was a great man, sage, and graue.

*Tedecet himnas in Sion,*

Boner playde the ramping Lion.

Therefore sweete Lady let him haue rest,

For he was a man of the Pope blest.

*A.iiij.*

*gOremus.*

*Oremus.*

**O** Most vngracious hope,  
which was olde Boners hope,  
Now send helpe with a rope,  
Your old frendes wanteth scope.  
And all your olde traine,  
Be risen in vaine,  
And hanging shall be the gaine,  
That they shall haue for paine.  
For it is right and reason,  
That hanging vp should be no geysoun,  
To those which long innēted treason,  
In euery place and at ech season.

*¶ Lexio libri macalebeorum.*

**I** *N diebus illis vir fortissimus Boner. colatione facta,*  
Of a nūber of his deare frendes with a racha:  
And when he had collected them all,  
He swore a great oth by his holy pall:  
If they would against Popery spurne,  
And all olde Popish Priestes seeke for to burne:  
He would geue them benefices & great pension,  
So y they would do it with singular deuotion.  
For I know (sayth he) it will so fall,  
That we shall be plagued with these Priestes  
(of Ball.

For in eucry corner they bring it so to passe,  
That they be a mūbling of Mattens or Masse,  
So thus they dissemble w their fained hypocrisy,  
They still maintaine their wonted Idolatry:  
Which I neuer in all my life could once abide,  
No more then can the Tanner the hide.

And



And that ech man doth surely know,  
For in life and doctrine I did it show.

¶ Grad.

**S** *I ambulem in medio Sambre mortis, non timebo mala:*  
For my body is cleane from keeping of scortis But not in  
in parler and in halla. chamber.

¶ Tractus

**S** *icut ceruus desiderat ad fontes aquarum,*  
So haue I desired to strike vp a larum.  
To feede & to nourish al those which pretended,  
Preaching Gods prouidēce or life to be amēded.  
*Fuerunt michi lachrima mea penes die ac nocta,*  
That all those were not burned which were in  
(Colehouse lockt a  
For I did so lone that race and that knot,  
That I sent them to heauen would I or not.

¶ *Initium Sancti euangelij Secundum*  
*Consistorium Romanorum.*

**I** *N illo tempore,* Boner came to Rome in post,  
And did defie all the host.  
Pope and Cardinalls euery chone,  
which supreme head would take them on,  
In Consistory he did declare,  
And by Gods lawe he there did swcare:  
That no man ought in any thing,  
To be supreme aboue the king.  
For God had chosen him alone,  
In English land to rule the throne.

B. i. when

In the time  
of R. Henry  
the viij. Bo-  
ner renouns-  
ced the  
Pope to his  
face in the  
open Con-  
sistory at  
Rome re-  
maining  
there yet  
in recorde.

when Boner had his message ended,  
 The Cardinalls then to speake intended.  
 Holy father if we suffer this,  
 Our vsurping will go amisse.  
 Therefore this is our consent,  
 That he be called incontinent.  
 when that we haue with him iagled,  
 Let him then in prison be hanged.  
 By this example men will be afraid,  
 And all shall be as h y we haue said.

*Non demittitur peccatum,*

*Nisi restituatur ablatum.*

Boner scaped  
hanging.

For if he escape, Coledges & Scholes,  
 will count vs as doltes, idiots, and foolles.  
 Thus they concluded that famous Boner,  
 Should then at Rome hang for his honor.  
 But Boner perceauing wherto they were bent,  
 Made hast vnto Ienua incontinent.  
 And so by trauaile and with little paine,  
 He passed by Sea straight into Spaine.  
 The Pope in meane while curriers sent out,  
 Here tenne, there twentie, all in a route.  
 Some vnto Neaples to the sea side,  
 Some vnto Milleine other waies as wide.  
 But all was in vaine, for Boner at ease,  
 was well at his rest, and passed the seas.  
 And vnto King Henry he then declared,  
 How he with the Pope in Rome had fared.  
 And when the king his message hard,  
 He made him Bishop for his reward.  
 Thus Boner a while had faith, and did well,  
 But at the last from troth he fell.  
 How farre he fell I can not tell,  
 But some say pride causde him to swell.

*Hostias*



*Hoffias & preces tibi Papa offerimus,*  
For thy superstition doth still defend vs.  
*Lauabo manus meas.*

From Justice and equitie,  
Merry and pitie,  
Humblenes & humilitie,  
Troth and veritie,  
Faith and fidelitie,  
Grace and gracilitie,  
Loue and charitie,  
From vertuous innocencie,  
And fro all kind of honestie.

Boner washed  
his handes.

*Orate fratres & sorores,*  
That Boners frendes may mend their mores:  
Or els twill happe ere it be long,  
That God will punish very strong,  
This realme of Englad in eche place,  
For suffering of this unpious race.  
A reason still they do inuent,  
And to mischief they are bent:  
Yet they fast all the whole lent,  
A good cause why their money spent.  
Looke to the route that rose of late,  
What Princes they hane set at bate.  
Iame of Scotland can testifie,  
For he was slaine traitterously.  
Fie for shame fie, fie, fie, fie, fie,  
Oh holy Takeholickes perdie.

*Requiem eternam dona eis Domine,*  
For surely it is time,  
That traitors bodie were buried,  
That seeke so he to cline.

Dapstres  
delight in  
murder.

B. ij.

Hanging

Hanging were to good,  
Quartering would be seene:  
Upon those traitors which do resist,  
So mercifull a Queene.

¶ Offetory.

Seuen cha-  
ritable Oes.

O Pie Pater, that is y<sup>e</sup> autho<sup>r</sup>, of man slaughter.  
O sure and good, is that red hoo<sup>d</sup>,  
which sucketh lambes bloud.  
O faythfull and true, is all that hew,  
which Chyestes flocke subdue.  
O wise and wittie, is all that citie,  
that wanteth pitie.  
O blessed hope, that geueth scope,  
that men in thee hope.  
O worthy restation, which seeketh saluation,  
in place of damnation.  
O louing charitie, and sweete intercedie,  
that burnes men for verities.  
These be those which of late dayes,  
Deserued hono<sup>r</sup> and worthy prayse.

*Suscipe papa oblationem quam tibi offerimus,*  
For the soule of Boner,  
which was a worthy man deseruing hono<sup>r</sup>.  
He liued in repentaunce long for his sin,  
He could scarce see out his cheekes were so thin.  
His meat was water, his drinke was bread,  
when he was alive, he thought he was dead.  
He fasted and prayed all day and all night,  
His body was wo<sup>r</sup>ne for sorrow so light,  
That scarce he could go, sit, stand, or lie,  
But straight he must drink his throte was drie.  
Many



Many times ashes he vsed to eate,  
When that he could get no other meate.  
Well was that seene when that he was dead,  
He looked like a Boze which in stie had ben fed.  
Thus led he his life as you heard before,  
In fasting and praying, and whipping full sore.  
And in burning of those which either pretended,  
Once preaching of truth oꝝ life to be mended.

*Per omnia secula seculorum.*

Boner playde the Justice of *Corum.*

*Dominus Vobiscum.*

For he scape well, when he came fro Rome.

From furling in a cord a,

He made good hast O Lord a.

*Verè dignum & iustum est,*

That the winde stoope in the west,

When Boner was buried in the night,

Oꝝ els we had had a maruelous fight.

For y<sup>e</sup> Louainestes would faine haue come ouer,

But they could not well land at Douer.

Although some Papistes for him were faint,

Yet the reast would make him a saint.

If they could but to a bone of his come,

They would make a shift to send it to Rome.

For nothing of such a man may once be lost,

For surely he was a man of great cost.

Yea both cost and costly, as I do heare say,

For some butchers Papistical did hope for a day.

But now that their hope is turned to dust,

They are become beggars, & lost is their lust.

Bruers and Bakers the like of that sort,

May now with the hope go play for a sport.

B, it,

Chaundlers

Many a  
Papist  
was by  
done by  
Boners  
death.

Chaundlers & Boticaries, Whistons and all,  
 Must not vnto Boner for any debt call.  
 For when he is Bishop of London agayne,  
 He meanes to pay ech man that hoped in vaine,  
 Shomakers and Taylors, and of euery arte,  
 Of his poore Bishopprieke shall haue a part.  
 If my selfe once some gaynes should haue had,  
 If that continually I would haue bene mad.  
 A great many fooles Boner did make,  
 which now become beggers all for his sake.  
 But they right well deserued it that are so stiffe  
 (minded,  
 That in his blind sophistry stil they are blinded.  
 He is blind y<sup>e</sup> ca<sup>n</sup> not see, yet he would if he could:  
 He is moze blind that will not see, yet could if he  
 (would,  
 But blind are all those that sayes that Boner,  
 Did not die like a Bishop in state and in hono<sup>r</sup>.  
 And was buried in p<sup>o</sup>p<sup>e</sup> & with as much praise,  
 As euer was Bishop in the night dayes.  
 Men of great state beside him to lie,  
 which at S. Thomas a watering did die.  
 And as sure as they still thest refused,  
 So Boner of treason could not be accused.  
 wherefore *Sanctus, Sanctus*, holy was that man,  
 Accuse hym now if any man can.  
 Come, come, goodwife Clone did he loue you,  
 Or you Cate Darbshire tell vs now true.  
 If he did as he did: what remedie,  
 Care that care will I care not I.

*Benedictus qui Venit in nomine domini,*

Blessed are those which cometh in the name  
 (of the Lord,  
 Unblessed



Unblessed are they which it doth not accord.

¶ A petition to the Pope.

**T** *E Igitur Impiissime pater,*  
That for the loue of thy soune the *Frater*.  
Thou wilt condemne knaue nor lyer,  
Neither Sodomit, Monke, nor Fryer.  
Neither Queane, Curtisan, nor Baude,  
Nor any of them which liueth by fraude.  
For if thou do, a great part must thou leese,  
Of thy reuenues and of thy fees.  
The court of Sauellus must needes be mayned,  
If al kind of lendnes shoul not be maintained.  
Wherefore geue Harding some stipend by y<sup>e</sup> yeare,  
For he defendeth your cause to be cleare.  
And sure he sayth true, if I do lie,  
But after in *memento* the truth shall ye spie.

wherefore *in primis quam tibi offerimus,*  
*pro ecclesia tua romana.*

We commend to thee, of ech degree,  
not sparing Cortisana.  
But first of all, we to thee call,  
for holy father the Pope:  
In whome all we, of ech degree,  
still haue a feruent hope.  
He is our proctor, yet no doctor,  
except it be in sedition:  
A Papist right, an hypocrite,  
a further of Inquisition.  
Both neare and farre he rayseth warre,  
no peace can he abide:  
If he may proue, it comneth for loue,

on Iesus Chriftes side.

*Memento domine* Cardinall Auguste,

how sober a man he is:

which euer doth quafe, but neuer doth laufe,  
vntill his breech he pisse.

Cardinall of Trent, bleseth in Lent,  
to fast and keepe good diet:

But most men sayes, for forty dayes,  
he is dronke and out of quiet.

The cause  
why Mo-  
rone was  
not Pope,  
was be-  
cause he  
once tasted  
of the  
truth: And  
that was  
the cause  
why nei-  
ther Steph.  
Gardiner,  
nor Boner  
were Car-  
dinals in  
the time of  
Queens  
Mary.

Cardinall Morone, maketh great moue,  
because he was not Pope:

Seing honestly, did put him by,  
he now no more doth hope.

Cardinall Pulchan, a stout Romaine,  
which hath two bastardes maue:

was had in the lurch, euen by the Church,  
to be a very knaue.

Cardinall Phernes, let nothing displease,  
a man seuer in life:

But for one toy, he loued a Boy,  
better then mayde or wife.

Cardinall Aracely, not kin to Helly,  
for this is a lying Fryer:

which came to honor, not like to Boner,  
yet this is a common lier.

Cardinall Farrare, a man full of care,  
to make gardens of pleasure:

where as Cortisans vse, themselves to abuse,  
withouten meane or measure.

Cardinall Hosius, with his dronken nollus,  
maintayner of Idolatrie:

Is commonly fed, by the romish hed,  
for to defend hypocrisie.

Cardinall Arogone, slue a man at Verone,

and



and for that godly deede:  
 The Pope in hast, protested him chaff,  
 and made him bishop with speede.  
 Cardinall Pacheco, Inquisitor the great,  
 and Bucheron of Spaine:  
 Doth wholly delight, ech day and night,  
 Christes flocke to put to paynt.  
 Cardinall Vitello, a right friend and fellow,  
 now Chamberlaine of Rome:  
 As I do heare tell, loues a whoore well,  
 when he may to them come.  
 Cardinall of Lorein, a proud prince to hold,  
 he commeth fro the Gulle:  
 All rancor and hate, all malice and debate,  
 against Christes flocke both rise.  
 Cardinall Granuale, loues mutton well,  
 as goeth the common report:  
 For being in Flaunders, he is caught by ganders,  
 his heart fell away in sport.  
 Cardinall Colunny, a Romayne prince,  
 stout, hard, and also proud:  
 Of late was a meane, that ech Rome & queene,  
 in Rome should be a lover.  
 Cardinall Maola, no more now false,  
 but in one point he was vnwile:  
 For his being Cardinall, the Venicians all,  
 doth him as Traytor despise.  
 Cardinall de Medicy, a famous young man lately,  
 of Florence Cardinall late:  
 With woman eye, both pryng and pryng,  
 ech loues to stee.  
 Cardinall Albiatti, a Cardinall made of late,  
 and a Spaine & Rome for life:  
 Is hard and cruddy, and inuoluntary lye,  
 C. i. with

with many a Romaines wife.  
Cardinall Borome, the honestes I dare say,  
that is amongst the race:  
was so entangled, that he had bene hanged,  
if had not riden a pace.  
Cardinall Sauellus, with Michaell Bowellus,  
which now is the Popes Sonne:  
As he is a lier, and a Dominicke Fryer,  
shall end wherc as we begonne.

*Et omnium circumstantiū quorū tibi mores cognita est:*  
which be very simple, when they be at the best.  
As *Ruffana, Putana, Cortisana, Concubina, Bardassina:*  
As *Baroni, Paltroni, Manigoldi, Goffi, Asarsina.*  
All this race belong unto Sodomites,  
whercin the Romish priestes chiefly delightes.  
*Hanc igitur oblationem seruitutis noster,*  
Friers & Monkes haunt more the stews then  
(their cloyster.

*Quam oblationem* the Pope doth most desier,  
For his good Lordship was once a Fryer.  
*Benedictam a scriptam* by Daniel the Prophet,  
That the Citie of Rome is Antichristes socer.  
And sure by their deedes they shew it so plaine,  
That for to describe it, it were but vaine.  
Yet to defend it I am surely bound,  
For in Citie of Rome I spent many a pound.  
The first day of Lent called ashe wensday.  
All masking robes be layd away.  
Eche man in forenoone ashes doth take,  
which makes the remember who did the make.  
But at afternoone straight with abomination,  
They go to Saint Sabin vnto the stacion.  
Both old men and young deuoutly doth pray,  
That



That they may meete their whoores by þ way.  
If they do not meete the do not much care,  
They know where they dwell and how well  
(they fare.

But yet our matter I must needes disclose,  
Without any forging or seeking to glose.  
For ech day in Lent a stacion there is,  
And the people in no hād must seme for to mis.  
For if they do, tis true this fault are they in,  
They lose their pardon for all their sinne.

The bandes that be beaten so oft on the side,  
Against this holy tyme, yong ware wil provide.  
The which shall be crimine and fayre to see,  
Curteous and gentle, and marueilous free.

With Satin and Veluet and fine cloth of golde,  
Thus whoores in the Lent is set to be solde.

Now Italians & Spainyardes be quickly alured,  
And causeth these whoores straight to be procured.  
And thus for a space they lurke in transgression,  
Hoping in the end to make satisfaction.

And so against Easter they come and confesse,  
Unto a piloc Fryer how they did transgresse.  
The Fryer then hoping some money to haue,  
Asketh what penaunce he lusteth to craue.

The gentleman for ease craueth penance light,  
But so the Fryer will not him quite:

But whip him he must on maundy thursday,  
Or els he is no Christian right.

Except he do so entreat the fryer,  
That some man for money he may hier,  
The Fryer at the length entreated will be,  
So that their Cloyster may haue a fee.

A thre quarters of wheat, & two butts of wine,  
Shall make vs to pray for that sinne of thine.

L.ij.

And

The hope  
which they  
haue to  
make satis-  
faction, is  
the chiefe  
cause of  
their sinne.

A man in  
Rome may  
hys a man  
to lo pe-  
naunce for  
vny.

And so I do not doubt but all shalbe well,  
 Untill an other yeare like sinne shall compell.  
 This yeare, by yeare and day by day,  
 Sinne causeth vertue to decay.  
 A number of these stories true could I wright,  
 But therunto I am not pight.  
 It is a masse for Boner which I am about,  
*Hoc est enim corpus* of a lout,  
 Ten bushells of meale if twere in a cake,  
 Such a body as Boners it would not make.  
 For he was a great man of much honoꝝ,  
*Hic est enim calix sanguinis* of olde Boner.  
 Malinesey and Muscadine, good Ale and  
 (double Beere,  
 But ever he hated to be at good cheere.  
 Brawn & Mustard, fat Wenson and Capon,  
 Had almost made him as leane as a Bacon.  
 For like a porkehog which long had bene fed,  
 So looked this Boner before he was dead.

*Memento etiam Domine,*  
 Boner that is dead,  
 His sonne that is fled,  
 Kate Darbishire and mother Clone,  
 Doctoꝝ Darbishire his second sonne,  
 His sonnes and daughters every chone,  
 Not forgetting any one.  
 Remember also Boners frendes,  
 Where that they be in Alehouse or Indes.  
 Harding, Saunders, or Dorman,  
 Story, Rastall, or Horman.  
 Taylor, Burler, and Knot,  
 Cope, Allen, and Scot.  
 Marshall, Giblet, and Bullocke,  
 Kirton,

These be  
 Loua:  
 mistes.



Kirton, Harris, and Clenocke.  
Griffen, Henshow, and Wilson,  
Goldwell, Inglefield, and Morton.  
Stapleton, Iohnson, and Pillinges,  
Shackloc, Powlot, and Pinniges.  
Elis Haywood, and Wiles,  
Geasper Haywood, and Giles.  
Iohn Haywood, and Brooke,  
Morbred, Fremman, and Hooke.  
Wikes, Young, Wiles, and Wilkin,  
Peto, Price, and Pirkin.  
Shely, Dygby, and Parker,  
Pridiokes, Alway, and Fowler.  
Haruy, Daniell, and Filames.

Shepherd, Smith, and Fuwilliams,

Preston, Purpoynt, and Peter,

S. Simon, S. Wright, and S. Oliuer.

These with the rest beares Boner good will,  
And these be those which thinke Dope no ill.

Yet they are true subiectes as they say,

But I maruell why they ran away.

Some of them had licence to passe to Spayne,

But their peaces are out, they come not agayne.

where in I will not say they do rebell,

But of my conscience they do not well.

No, no, these be none of those which shewed to  
(the Dope,

To keepe Abby landes for a day of hope.

No, no, these be none of those which mony haue  
(spent,

To haue the Dopes licence to eat flesh in Lent.

No, no, these be none of those, nor of that guise,  
which caused the rebels of late to rise.

These be true subiectes of English soyle,

L. iii. which

These seeke  
dayly to be-  
tray their  
Countray.

Which neuer sought their countray to spoyle.  
But this I know they pray night and day,  
That Spainyardes in Englād might haue a pray.  
These are no traytors: what are they then?  
Louainistes and Catholickes, goodly men.  
Many an olde wife her purse doth enlarge,  
To helpe to beare some part of their charge.  
Many a popish priest his money doth geue,  
This sect of sophistry to relieue.  
Many officers in England there are,  
That of this rout doth take some care.  
Yea and I feare me there are a great sort,  
Which do to their power these rebels comfort.  
But these be worse then traytors be,  
For all their treason we plainly see.  
And for the other they are wholly bent,  
All malice and mischief to inuent.  
O England, England, couldst thou spue out those,  
Which vnto God and their Queene be foes,  
Then thousands I thinke should be spued out,  
And Gods word should be preached sincere  
(without doubt,  
For hath it at any tyme euer bene seene,  
That he can loue God, that hateth his Queene:  
Especially when she is all the chiefe cause,  
That God is preferred, and his holy lawes?  
The Pope is suppressed, Idolatry put downe,  
In euery Village, Citie, and Towne.  
Wherewith the Deuill doth so rage and rore,  
That the Papistes bleede at the hart therefore.  
And therefore now into corners they passe,  
To haue superstition and Idolatrous Masse.  
And in the same corners the Deuill is at hand,  
To make the with treaso their Prince to withstand.  
And



And this he perswades the I knowe it most sure,  
 If that you do suffer this law to endure.  
 The Pope and all Popery will soone decay,  
 And all your dominion shall haue a way.  
 The which I pray God may soone haue an end,  
 And ech Christia & papist their liues may amend.  
 Now to my *memento* agayne will I come,  
 wherein I will touch some sort of Rome.  
 And a few wil I shew which Boner maintained,  
 when that in tyme of Queene Mary he raigned.  
 A wilde Roge and a Ruffeler,  
 A Baylyard and a proud Bedler.  
 A tame Roge and a Tynker,  
 A Abraham man and a Frater.  
 A Jackman and a Patrico,  
 A whypiack and a Kitchinco,  
 A Dell and a Antemorte,  
 A Counterfait Cranke & a Dore.  
 A demaunder for Glymar,  
 A Baudy Basket and a Domerar,  
 A Kitchinmort and a fresh Mariner.  
 These be those which Boner did hate,  
 More I thinke then mother Clonnes Kate,  
 No he did hate euen all this whole summe,  
 Euen as he did the Popes grace of Rome.  
 wherfore honest Roges where euer ye go,  
 Haue Boner your Saint in *memento*.  
 Remember Sauellus that Cardinall alway,  
 The honestes of Rome to him tribute doth pay.  
 He is the Popes Vicar, and Vicar of Rome,  
 For which he doth pay a pretty round summe.  
 Yet what he doth pay I knowe not the ground,  
 But tis knowen he receiueth xx. thousand pound.  
 For once a decree was made in the Citie,

L. iij.

That

The hoxes  
 of Rome  
 pay their  
 tribute to  
 the Court  
 of Sauellus,  
 which  
 Court  
 maintaineth  
 the  
 officers of  
 Rome, as  
 Sargents,  
 Balles, &c.

That publike queanes should auoid wout pittie.  
When number was take not yet thre yeare past.  
Twety thousand whoores were found in y<sup>e</sup> last.  
Now when they were sumned so many did ap-  
(peare,

The Pope well considered his gaynes by the  
(yeare,

And so wisely withdrew his former pretence,  
And forced no Cortisan to go from thence.

Neither did he any by any meanes forbid,  
But they might be whoores which ment not to  
(wed,

So if ech whoore her knaue from Rome should  
(beare,

Streets would be void, houses would be clere.

The Pope and his Cardinals with all of their  
(kinde,

In Rome might you seke, but none should you  
(finde,

Ne Bishop nor Abbot, ne Dolt, Foole, ne Scot,  
would tary in Rome the countries so hott.

Neither Benedictes nor Barnardines,

Iesuhwites nor Capechines,

Carthusians nor Theretines,

Sexterians nor Celestines,

Dominicans nor Carmelines,

Nor Coniurer nor Hardonor,

Except it were the Bugeror.

All would follow the troupe and trayne,

Even of the whoores if they went to Spayne.

Rome is full of Sodomites.  
If all their trayne from Rome were gone,  
And Sodomites were left alone.

Yet thousand thousandes should still remaine,  
The vilder Litie, the more to their paine.



A few honest men yet left there are,  
which lie in prison in paine and care:  
And presse unto them so farre as they dare,  
And for their sakes God doth it spare.  
Other wayes no man by reason can say,  
why God his iust iudgement of vengeance  
(doth lay.

God spareth  
Rome  
for the elect  
sake.

Yet this was that Citie which Edmund Boner  
Did hold in reuerence and in great honor.  
In so much that euen until he was dead  
He took the Pope for his same head.  
Such a father such a sonne, such a head such a  
As the body was rotten so was the hart roote.

*Nobis quoniam precoribus angelis*  
From strange beastes defend us.

*Per quos in hoc seculum* + *sanctus in ipso* + *so;*

The blessing  
of the Cha-  
lice.

Boner was a Gentleman who laves no,  
His mother had as many at her becke,  
As euer had the Clerke of the checke.  
His father was a Priest, and bled to pray,  
Both for quicke and dead every day.  
But about in procession he neuer was caried,  
For yet euer to any begining was he maried.  
Yet in procession he bled to goe,  
And so would his children, some his soues lowe,  
which were nurse commonly at eche mans  
(house,

Euen as the goodwife her selfe could afford.  
But Boner of this seede was not forborne,  
For his mother was a mayde and a woman  
(knowne,  
which for Sauege did kepe his bed for to make,  
And sometimes paine with himself for to take.

D. i.

\* Oremus.

**¶ Oremus.**

**A** Boner lined and taught vs to pray,  
A prayer for his Lordship let vs say.  
For surely he deserved no lesse for to haue,  
He was a holy man, wise, sage, and graue.  
He dreamed of a Purgatory, but where it did  
No mā could tell, by sea or by land. (stand,  
The Scripture of y place no mentiō doth make,  
where soules be both bryd, rost, sod, & bake,  
Except it be in hell where faithlesse men lye,  
where euer they remayne and neuer shall dye,  
Yet Purgatory bringes home more golde a (day,

Purgatory  
is the grea-  
test gaynes  
that the  
pope hath.

Then two horse well loden will cary away.  
And therfore swete wyms feede wel of Boner,  
Spare not his flesh though he were of honoz.  
we know that he stonke before he was dead,  
we know that his body was fat and well fed,  
Therfore spare not his body I hartly you pray,  
But for his soule nothing will I say.  
For the Iudge of iudges his sēcence doth geue,  
Even of his mercy as the man doth beleue.  
Though Boner were a reprobate to ech mans  
(iudgement,

Yet no man doth know but y God omnipotēt.  
who iudgeth all men and is our refuge,  
And cōmaunds vs straitly y we shal not iudge.  
Therefore I thinke those doth not well,  
which iudgeth men soules to be in hell.  
Except they know of this abhominatiō,  
That men do die in state of damnation.  
From the which I pray God deliuer vs all,  
which with a true faith vnto him doth call.

*¶ An*



*Pax domini sit semper Vobiscum,*

And defend you alwayes from y<sup>e</sup> hope of Rome,

For *Agnus dei* by him is forsaken,

And *Agnus dei* by him is mistaken.

*Et Verbum dei* with fire was shaken,

By those wilde lawes which hopes can maken.

They made vs worship ech stock and stone,

which can not goe nor stand alone.

*Gratias agamus tibi domine,*

That all Christes encinies do decay.

The kingdome of Poole, Denmarke, & Hungary, The grea-

The kingdome of Boheme, most part of y<sup>e</sup> Cin- test part of,

(pic. Chriten-

with most of the states & Princes of Germanie. dome hath

Sweidland, Norwhei, & Scoriad, England, & Irelad, hope.

Hath tooke the word of God in hand,

And against Idolatry stout doth stand.

with many a region and kingdome beside,

which for want of memory I ouerslide.

And I do not doubt but in a short space,

God wil geue Fraunce and Flaunders such grace,

That they will forsake the Romish race.

And turne vnto Christ our Saviour most good

which shed for vs all his most precious bloud.

If they will do this and forner life mend,

The Turke & the Pope wil soone haue an end.

For Italy and Spayne for their leud lust,

Must needes in short tyme be turned to dust.

Except they amend and repent them in tyme,

Their Idolatry & Lechery & Sodomit's crime.

wherefore once agayne *dominus Vobiscum,*

And y<sup>e</sup> Lord defend you fro traditions of Rome.

V. g. . . . . ¶ Oremus.

**¶ Oremus.**

**O**fferimus tibi papa oblationē nostrā servitutis,  
*Pro animabus famulorum tuorū Boner.*

who was

Commonly  
called Con-  
stance.

As mercifull as Nero,  
As pitifull as Pluto,  
As humble as Pharaο,  
Lowly as Pope Leo,  
As faithfull as Cayphas,  
As trustie as Iudas,  
As holy as Saint Lambert, *Read the life*  
As iust as Pilate, *of S. Lam-*  
As gracious as Pope Sigismond, *bert in the*  
As vertuous as Turke Mahound, *Legendary.*  
As credible as th' whole Councel of Constate,  
As subiect as rebels which rose of late,  
As louing as Caine, euen such an other;  
which for Gods worde slue his brother.  
That can testifie Darbeshire his sounte,  
And so can his bedfellow mother Clone,  
with all the reast which he kept in Cornu.  
*Per omnia secula seculorum.*

**Amen.**

*Dominus Vobiscum.*

And beware of treason from Rome,

*Requiescant in pace,*

with Frier Forest and Chace.

*Ita missa est,*

Wery may you rest,

Untill more newes come,

From the Citie of Rome.

*Absolutionem*



*Absolutionem* I Pasquin gene you all,  
Hoping shortly it shall so fall:  
That I shall shew the Romish guise,  
How that by murder, theft, and lies,  
Their Church maintained long hath bene,  
Which is the authour of all sinne.

FINIS quoth *Petrus*  
*Pasquinus*.

R. W.

